THE ALEXANDER HARDIE LETTERS

A collection of letters

written by

Alexander Hardie

to his half-sister,

Margaret Cunningham Cochrane

Edited by

Clayton D. George, Jr.
Euclid, Ohio
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NOT FOR SALE

I N T R O D U C T I O N

For a hundred years and more, a very close friendship has existed between the Hardies and the Cochranes. Their friendship springs from their descent from a common ancestress who was born in the eighteenth century and who died while Franklin Pierce was President of the United States and Viscount Palmerston was Queen Victoria's Prime Minister.

The ancestress was the twice-married Margaret Cumming. She had six children; three by her first husband, Cornelius Cunningham, and three by her second husband, James Hardie. The third child of her first marriage was Margaret Cunningham, Mrs. Archibald Cochrane. The third child of her second marriage was Alexander Hardie. Of her six children, only Margaret and Alexander married and raised families of their own. It is the descent from this little-known ancestress which still draws the Cochrane family and the Hardie family together.

After the Cochranes emigrated to the United States in 1871, an exchange of letters began between them and Alexander Hardie, who remained in Scotland. A number of the letters that Alexander Hardie wrote to America survive and are reproduced here. Reproducing them now, a hundred years after the exchange of correspondence started, will show the depth of feeling the half-brother and sister had for each other, and the strong interest they had in each other's families. Perhaps reading them now will reinforce interest in promoting and maintaining family ties.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
Introduction	. . . .	ii
Genealogy	. . . .	iv
Letter No. 1	Tuesday, October 17, 1871	1
Letter No. 2	June 7, 1881	4
Letter No. 3	Fragment 1886	6
Letter No. 4	Saturday Morning July 23, 1887	7
Letter No. 5	November 2, 1888	9
Letter No. 6	April 17, 1891	11
Letter No. 7	Monday, December 14, 1891	13
Letter No. 8	December 2, 1893	15
Letter No. 9	August 6, 1897	17
Letter No. 10	January 2, 1901	20
Letter No. 11	January 7, 1902	24
Letter No. 12	December 17, 1902	27
Letter No. 13	April 28, 1903	29
Letter No. 14	December 8, 1903	31
Letter No. 15	Friday, June 10, 1904	33
Letter No. 16	April 27, 1906	35
Letter No. 17	July 12, 1907	38
Letter No. 18	September 19, 1909	40
Letter No. 19	Tuesday, February 13, 1912	44
Letter No. 20	Tuesday, October 15, 1912	46
Letter No. 21	Tuesday, November 11, 1913	49
Letter No. 22	Postcard, July 10, 1914	51

Thomas Cumming (born 1756) married Agnes Nicoll

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seven children including

Cornelius Cunningham married (first) Margaret (second) married James Hardie

Margaret: Born 1798, Died Feb. 19, 1857

Margaret's first marriage, to Cornelius Cunningham:

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three children including Margaret (1826-1915) Cunningham married Archibald Cochrane

||

The Cochranes
The Duncans
The Smiths

Margaret's second marriage, to James Hardie:

||

three children including Alexander (1838-1916) married Jean Simpson

||

The Hardies
The Lunns

Letter No. 1

16 Grindlay Street,
Edin. Tuesday, Oct. 17/71

You've never told me whether the luggage was got away from Glasgow all right or not.

Dear Archy,

I have just made a run down to Stockbridge to see how Mr. and Mrs. Martin are keeping. I find Mr. Martin quite well, but Mrs. Martin, he tells me, has been laid up for a few days with cold and sore throat. She is, however, I am glad to say, somewhat better to-day. I duly received your very long and very welcome letter, as also several newspapers. I can assure you I was very glad when I got your letter because I was wearing to hear how you were all getting on. I would have written you sooner, but my leisure time at night for the past week has been occupied in preparing an Essay on the Power and Cultivation of Memory (a very interesting subject) for a Literary Association which has been recently formed in connection with our office, and which meets once a week. I was very glad to find that you were all enjoying good health, and breathing a little freer in the prospect of the cool weather setting in. I have no doubt the heat must have been very trying to you all. From what you say, it would appear that the gudewife and Maggie have not as yet come to like the home life in the States, and still retain a preference for St. ________. There is no doubt that the difference in the matter of climate, as well as the totally different habits and customs of the Americans must render life in the States to a newcomer anything but comfortable. But time will work wonders, and no doubt they will gradually come to like the country. Really very few people seem to care for the American life at first. A young lad, named Rankine who used to be in our shop, and on whom I used to play practical jokes at times, went to New York in the beginning of the year. He is the same lad on whom I played the Jamaica Street marriage hoax, asking him to come to tea at my house which turned out to be an undertaker's shop! Maggie, I daresay, will remember the frolic, and the fashionable paper hat she took along to his lodgings. He has been working in New York for some time, and is getting on very well, with a prospect of doing still better. However, in a letter which he sent here lately, he says:--"I am liking New York as well as I can, which means home is the best place after all. There is little of the real happiness of the old sod here. I have never once felt genuinely happy since I came here. They seem to be a miserable lot of hypochondriacs the whole pack of the Yankees. If it were not for the few Scotch people here, whose company is all the happiness I have, I believe I would have left months ago." In his letter he spoke of coming back to the old country in a month or two. I wrote him a long bit of rhyme, bringing to his recollection a lot of droll scenes of the past, which would give him a hearty laugh, and also wrote him a letter, advising him to remain in New York a little longer, seeing he was getting on so well (in a business point of view), and that he might possibly come to think better of the Yankees through time.

There is no gainsaying it that the Yankees are really behind the old folks at home here in many respects. Take, for instance, the half-holiday movement: it is now almost generally adopted among the working trades in this country. There is also every appearance of the general introduction of the nine hours system. The Newcastle strike in connection with this movement has ended in favour of the men. Two large firms in Leeds have, unasked by their workpeople, generously adopted the 9 hours system. The movement is now becoming general. The Edinburgh printers, I understand, intend moving in the matter shortly. For many years, we have only worked 9 hours a day in Chambers's.

The conflagration at Chicago has been a melancholy and disastrous affair. Meetings are being held all over the country here to obtain subscriptions in aid of the sufferers. Isn't Peter MacLaren located there? I wonder if he was in the district which has been devastated.

I had a letter from Davy the other day. I hadn't heard from him for some time previous. Probably he hasn't written to you yet. He has been very busy at work for a long time. By the bye, Mr. Stocker, I am sorry to inform you, died several weeks ago. He had been lying for a good while with consumption. Davy seems to have been very attentive, sitting up with Stocker for many nights, and was present when he breathed his last. Davy has interested himself very much in the family, and has been doing his utmost to obtain situations for several of the young folk. Mrs. Stocker's relations do not seem to have acted very kindly towards her in her bereavement, and are not doing much to assist her in her difficulties. Davy leaves Collins's at the end of this month. He finds the work far too heavy, and with no prospect of any improvement; so he has given up the situation. He contemplates starting some kind of agency, but I have had no further particulars from him.

I haven't been out at Bavelaw for more than three months. We have had a most miserable summer--only 3 weeks, I may say, of real summer weather. All the rest of the time has been cold and wet and I am so subject to toothache and rhuematism, that I haven't ventured out to the cold region of the Pentlands. I intend making a run out on the Fast Day (next week), if the weather is anything decent at all. The weather, within the last few days, has changed very much--has been much drier, and unseasonably mild. Perhaps summer is coming in now! I enclose a copy of "Bavelaw Fair," which I promised you some time ago. You will notice that your old friend Katie gets "honourable mention." The "Butler" is a Mr. Pearson, a joiner at Ravelrig, who is generally called by that name at the Roup, from his obliging disposition and the interest he takes in the cooking and "waiting" operations. A Mr. Fairbain, joiner at Balerno (with whom Robert Orr is an apprentice now) sings the song of "The Auld Man's Mare's Dead," and sings it with great spirit. Some of the Scotch words may tickle you "Yankees." Belyve means by and bye; ettle means try; unweetin, unknowing; stechit, crammed, like to burst.

Wednesday Night Oct. 18

I have been at Mr. Kennedy's Scottish entertainment to-night, and spent two hours very pleasantly. Four of his family now take part in his concert; and the fine style in which they sing a few glees enhanced the entertainment very much and adds a little variety to it. Kennedy sings "Scots Wha' Hae" with great power. I verily believe(if one can imagine the thing) if such a singer as Kennedy had sung this of Bruce's thoughts to his army the battle of Brannockburn wouldn't have lasted 10 minutes. At the present time, the effect his delivery of the song has upon one is astonishing; he fairly rouses you, and makes the "blood loup in your veins."

The first line of tramway is now nearly completed (between Haymarket at the west end of Princes St. and Leith, and the cars will begin to run next week. So you see the folks at Auld Reekie are becoming somewhat Americanised. The Glasgow folk had their tramway act passed long before we had, but we have beaten them completely, as they only broke ground for their first route the other week or so. We are likely to have some hot work next month at our town council elections. There will be contests in nearly all the wards. The water supply, of course, is the great question. You would probably notice in some of the newspapers I sent that the Lord Provost of Glasgow had resigned in consequence of the failure of the firm with which he is connected. The creditors, I believe, have accepted a payment of 6/8 on the pound. There was a serious case in the Edinburgh Bankruptcy Court last week--the bankruptcy examination of one of these blackguard auctioneers, a report of which I send you. Great numbers of people (principally from the country) are swindled by these scoundrels. I wrote a letter to the Scotsman and the Review on the subject, signed "Justice." I send you a copy of the Scotsman by to-morrow's mail (along with this letter) containing it. You will be sorry to hear (if you have not heard it already) that Dr. Brown's wife (of Glasgow) died a month or two ago. I saw her death announced in the newspapers. I sent you a Review and Weekly Citizen by yesterday's mail. I will send you a copy of Little Folks at the end of this week. I will write you soon again. Giving kind love to the gudewife, to Maggie (the young boss) to Annie (her clever assistant), to John (the woodsman) and to Davy (commander-in-chief of all mischief, I have no doubt, the dear little fellow) and accept the same yourself from your Loving Brother

A. Hardie.

Letter No. 2

15 Fowler Terrace
Edin. June 7/81

Note change of address

Dear Archy,

We are now into the leafy month of June, and things are beginning to have a summer-like look. We have had several warm days towards the end of May, but the last day or two has been somewhat dour and cold. I hope we shall have a good summer, to make up for the long and severe winter we had. Trade is still quiet in the old country. Things are improving a little, but slowly. I suppose trade in the States is looking up. I observed that a number of strikes were taking place, which I suppose signifies that matters are improving, and prices are on the rise. I hope you will have a good time of it during this year.

I was out at Bavelaw last Fort Day. Davy Hardie was ill with the cold, and really not very able for work--although he did "hand the plough" that day. He was laid up the next day--and with an attack of the Measles. He had been writing some acquaintances near Penicuik, a short time before that where some of the members of the family had been ill with the same trouble. He is now, I am glad to say, well again. I have a newspaper now and again from his brother Willie, who is getting along very well in New Zealand. Liza is due me a letter; and I expect to be hearing from her soon. I saw Anne Cumming a few weeks ago. She had been poorly for a while, but was better again. She is beginning to fail a bit, I think.

Lawne, the sculptor, with whom you were for a while with here, is out of business now. His stock was sold off some short time ago, if I mistake not. Duncan McLaren has retired from the representation of Edinburgh--and his son John, Lord Advocate, reigns in his stead, along with ________ Cowan, who is called the silent member, as he is never heard tell of.

We have removed from ________ Place, as you will see from the heading of this letter. Strange to say the succeeding tenant is an old acquaintance--Jeanie Bullock, (who used to carry me about when I was a bairn), now a Mrs. White. Her husband is a Foreman Baker, and has been in business. She has 3 or 4 of a family, and has a son about 21 years of age out in America. I had a crack with her about old times. Her mother died a year or so ago. Mrs. White was much surprised to learn that you and Margaret were in America. She had lived in Glasgow for a number of years, and had often wished she could fall in with you.

I meant to enclose in this letter the note of acknowledgement which I got from your insurance secretary (in addition to the actual receipt) just to show you that matters are all right with your insurance; but in the turmoil of removal, I can't at the present time get my hands on it; but I know I have it in my possession, and will enclose it in my next. Of course, all your receipts and policy, and Bonus Certificates are all safe. I am

negotiating for a bit of property at the present time, and I am short of money. It would cost me 5 per cent or more interest to borrow--besides the expense of a bond if I should have to get that, so that I would take it as a great favour if you could accommodate me with the money you have on loan from me as early as possible. I have never asked it from you until now, when I really require it. I am glad to say we are all well. Hoping you are all well, with kind regards to Margaret, Maggie, Annie, John and Davy, and yourself, I remain your affectionate brother,

A. Hardie

Letter No. 3

Letter fragment--A. Hardie's penmanship

Stationery: View of International Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1886

Address: 13 Fowler Terrace

Message fragment on reverse:

sincerely trust in Margaret's case, this will not be but that her recovery will be perfect. We have several ambulance corps now in Edinburgh--drawn from all classes--instructed in the treatment of wounds and prepared to act in any emergency until the patient is taken to the infirmary. On my way home last night, I met two members of an ambulance corps proceeding with a stretcher, to convey a man to the hospital who had slipped off the edges of

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Letter No. 4

13 Fowler Terrace
Saturday Morning July 23/87

Dear Archy,

I snatch a spare minute or two to write a few lines to enclose along with Margaret's notes to you. I had no idea of course when she would arrive in Edinburgh, and when I got home on Wednesday night later than usual (as we are working late) and found she hadn't arrived. I thought I would make a run to the station, and possibly meet her coming in with a late train. I was just putting on my hat to go when I heard the sound of a passing cab which drove up to the door. I was real glad to see her and made her very welcome to Auld Reekie. She was somewhat tired and a little anxious about her luggage, thinking it had gone amissing at Glasgow. It came through all right, however. We had tea ready for her in a crack, which she took some time to dispose of, there were so many interruptions in the way of conversation. We went to bed at a late hour, and Margaret had a capital night's rest, and rose quite refreshed in the morning.

We were beginning to think that something had occurred at Cleveland--something in the way of illness--and that Margaret wasn't coming at all. A little event was expected to happen at No. 13 during the month of June which I didn't write you about in case it might possibly prevent Margaret from coming. Perhaps the change of time in her arrival has been just as well as we had an addition to the family on the morning of Sunday 26th of June--another lassie. I went along to the Registrar on Thursday night week past and registered the baby as Margaret Cunningham Hardie; and the next day we received your letter telling us that Margaret was going to start for Auld Reekie. Along with this letter I will post a photo group of the bairns (barring Baby) which was taken on the 27th of May last. Jeanie and Nettie are in the background; our second youngest, Harry, is standing on the chair, while Robert is in front with a spade in hand, and on the other side, Davy, with a gun in his hand, a burly little fellow, not a bad type of the sturdy race reared on the "Halesome parritch, wale o'Scotia's food." Davy will be five years old next January. He has been out at Bavelaw living with his namesake at the Castle, for a month or two, so Margaret hasn't seen him yet. I am glad to say we are all in good health. Jeanie is barely up to her usual strength yet, but I hope in a little time, she will be all right.

We have had a splendid summer. The month of June and this month have been delightful. We are very busy in W. & N. C's just now, working late at night, and little chance of getting holiday which I am sorry for. The bairns are going away their Sunday school trip to-day, and Margaret and Jeanie and I and the two youngest will likely have a turn down to Portobello or have a sail up to see the great Forth Bridge. Fortunately we drop at 1 o'clock on Saturdays.

I will write again soon and give you more particulars. We were quite pleased and interested in the nick-nacks Margaret brought with her. Mr. Simpson will be very pleased at you keeping him in mind. He still enjoys a good smoke. Kindly remember me to all friends, to Annie, Maggie, John, Davy and other relations.

With kind regards
I remain
Your affectionate brother

Alex Hardie

Letter No. 5

13 Fowler Terrace
Nov. 2/88:

My Dear Sister.--

Losh! But I am gettin' awfu' lazy at writin'. I meant to have written you long ago, but the time has run away almost imperceptibly; and here we are within six weeks of Christmas. I sincerely trust you are all well at Lincoln Avenue; also John and Gerty, and Maggie and Annie and their guidmen and bairns. By the way, I have to acknowledge the receipt of a very nice cabinet photo which Archy sent in his last letter. What appeared to be the name of "Dave" was written in pencil on the back, which puzzled us somewhat, as the photo bore little, if any, resemblance to those we have of Davy. So we came to the conclusion it must be John.

We have had a most wretched summer this year. So it was lucky you came last year on your visit to the old country. It has been miserably cold and wet throughout, with the exception of last month, which has been dry and wonderfully warm. We have had a change, however, during the last day or two--it having been much colder, accompanied with heavy rain--in fact proper Hallow Fair weather--the sort of weather we have about this time. For about ten days about the end of September and beginning of August we were living down at Musselburgh, at the head of the Links, not very far from the Sea. The bairns enjoyed the change very much; but the weather was cold, with the exception of the last two days, which were warm and pleasant. It was a poor season for country lodgings; and many people preferred staying in town--the weather being so uncertain and so uninviting.

The principal event (from a Scotch point of view) has been the Glasgow Exhibition, which has been a great success. It closes on the 10th of this month. Over 5 million people have visited it; that, however, includes the attendances of those who are connected with the exhibits--the exhibitors and the stall-keepers. Properly, they should not be included at all; but after deducting them, the grand total of visitors will, I believe, exceed any other exhibition that has been held in the United Kingdom. Jeanie and I, with baby, Jamie and Nettie, paid a visit to it in the beginning of June. But it was a miserable day--bitterly cold and pouring rain the whole day; so that we didn't enjoy it greatly. The exhibits were very good, however, but the manner in which the building was painted was not in very good taste--too much red and yellow. I meant to have made a run through again; but I have not been able to do so. I can't say I am very high on these sort of things. One gets wearied sight-seeing all in one day. It is fine if one has a season ticket for an exhibition, and can pop in now and then, and see so many of the exhibits at a time. I expect there will be a big money surplus over when the exhibition is closed; and it is to be hoped they will manage it better than the Edinburgh committee did with their surplus. It is not divided yet, and there's no knowing when it will be disposed of. I sent you a paper the other day containing Lord Provost Clark's retiring speech. He

has done pretty well as a Lord Provost; but I must say I thought he would have done better. He was awfully disappointed at not being able to carry through his new Municipal buildings scheme. He evidently meant to leave his mark on the city. But it would have been a very costly scheme; and I think it could be done a good deal cheaper . . . . I haven't been out at Bavelaw since the 11th of August. On the 12th (a Sunday) Davy and I walked over the hills of Penicuik to see some friends. The day was fortunately good--one of the few good ones during the summer--and we enjoyed the walk very much. I haven't been out since, as I haven't been able to walk at my usual pace for a good many weeks, having had a rheumatic attack in my left leg. It is now a good deal better, and I can go at my usual "swing" nearly. I am glad to say that Jeanie and the bairns are all well. Peggy has been kept back a good deal with her teeth, getting them so quick--she has 16 now--but she is picking up now and getting fat . . . . We took Jamie away from Merchiston Board School, and sent him to Heriots Hospital, which is now a kind of College school, having nearly 900 pupils. We pay 8/ a quarter and have to buy his books. But he is getting on much better there--learning French, Latin, etc. He has also a chance of taking a scholarship--that is free education and books for a year; or a bursary (worth £ 10 for 2 or 3 years). I am also learning him "shorthand" myself at home. James made a pretty good figure at the Merchiston school examination last July--reciting with great vigor Tennysons "Charge of the Six Hundred" at Balaklava. I enclose a photo of Nettie which was taken a fortnight ago. Mrs. Simpson is keeping fairly well--but varies in her health a good deal. Mr. Simpson still wears well . . . . With love from us all, I remain Your Affectionate brother

Alex Hardie

Letter No. 6

13 Fowler Terrace
Edin. April 17/91

My Dear Sister,

Your two letters containing Policy & certificates came safe to hand. I called over and saw the Edinburgh Secretary, Mr. Fletcher, and had a talk with him. He said the certificates seemed quite satisfactory, and would remit them to the head-office for approval. I am sorry there should be any delay in the realising of the insurance money, but certain legal forms have to be gone through before this can be done. Archy having left a will, of course, simplifies matters. I had forgotten all about the will, and indeed I have but a hazy recollection of it yet. I suppose you will be nominated executrix in it, in which case what you have to do is to write a correct copy of a declaration which I herewith send you, which will enable me to get the will confirmed in the Probate Court here & enable me to act for you in the matter of drawing the Insurance money. Write out the declaration all on one page something similar to the copy I have written filling in the particular day and month where it is left blank. I have put down 1870 as the date of Archy's will. See that that is correct. It was in the month of July, I think. I remember of Archy of going out in the morning (for a newspaper, I think) and coming in and excitably announcing to us that France had declared war against Germany. Write the whole page, including your signature at the bottom; then get the two witnesses to sign their Christian name and surname, each of them writing also the word witness after their name, just as I have written it.

I had a letter lately from the company informing me that Archy's age had been proved when he took out his policy, so that a birth certificate is not required. If this hadn't been done previously, I would require to have procured one from the registrar of the Stockbridge district.

I was asking Mr. Fletcher what the probable cost of confirming the will would be, and as the estate will be under £ 150 he thinks the charge will be somewhere about 15/. So in this grand old free country we are taxed from the cradle to the grave.

When you forward to me in your next letter the aforesaid declaration, and also the will, you might let me know what the amount of the Bonuses come to, so that in settling up with the company, I may see that it tallies with what is down on the Bonus certificate, which you have in your possession. I took a note of the total before I sent it to Archy, but I have mislaid it. Also mention the name of any bank in Cleveland through which the money could be transmitted to you when that has to be done.

Your proposed gift to the children is exceedingly kind of you. It was quite unlooked for. I sincerely trust you are keeping your health, and have in some measure recovered from the shock which the unexpected death of Archy must have given you.

The bairns are all keeping pretty well just now. Davy is getting more like himself again, & is back to school. I am glad to say that Jeanie is fairly well. I have been keeping well myself up till a week ago when I got a touch of cold in my throat and head. I am a little better now, however. We had a very open winter up till the month of March which came in like a lion and continued boisterous all through. April so far as it has gone has been fine and dry although the cold east wind is in full swing.

Give our kind love to John and Davy Maggie and Annie and all friends. With kind regards to yourself believe me your affectionate brother.

Alex. Hardie

Letter No. 7

13 Fowler Terrace
Edin. Monday, Dec. 14/91

My Dear Sister,

I have been intending to write you for a long time back, but my time is so much taken up with one thing after another that the days and weeks run away, & I find myself badly in arrears with my correspondents. I had a letter from Eliza Cumming a long time ago, which I have not answered yet, but which I will have to do soon. I sent a long letter to Willie Hardie the other day. We haven't heard from him for a good while.

Little Peggy woke up on the morning of Thursday the 26th of last month, and was agreeably surprised to find that a baby-brother had made his appearance since the previous evening. We had to tell her that "Santa Claus" had come earlier than usual this year. I sent you a paper with a notice of the birth in it. We had a very good nurse, but unfortunately she had to go away a few days rather soon to another case for which she had been engaged. Jeannie has been rather weak, and has mended slowly. She is up now however, and is able to do a little. Baby is thriving very well, and is possessed of good lung-power. We have registered him under the name of "William Johnston Hardie," after Willie Hardie on New Zealand. I am glad to say we are all in very good health at present. My only complaint is a kind of cold among my teeth, as they are all sore. Peggy had a kind of fever-cold some weeks ago. She had a very high pulse. The Doctor called twice and prescribed for her. She was just taken in time & got all right again. There has been a great deal of trouble about for the last two months. Influenza has been raging all mind this country. We seem now to have a yearly visit of it. You would think that almost every family was affected more or less by it. The death-rate has been very high during the last few weeks. A great many old people are dying, ages ranging between 70 & 90 years of age--some even over that. Mr. Munro spoke to me of the death of Mr. John Edwards--a name that sounded familiar to me--who used to be handle or door-keeper in Lady ________ Free church. You will remember him well, I think. I sent you a paper with the notice of his death. I think he was 83 years old. I was particularly struck with an obituary notice which appeared in the Scotsman in the month of July last. I kept it beside me intending to send it to you when I wrote to you; and the date of it also puts me in mind of the fact that it is a very long time & I had no idea it was so long--since I wrote you. It was as follows:--

> Died at sea on the 11th inst. on board the "Lusitania," on his way home from New Zealand after an absence of 40 years, Gilbert Gilbertson, tailor and clothier, aged 69; deeply regretted. Friends kindly accept this invitation.

--July 29, 1891

The name arrested my attention. I suppose it is the same Gilbert Gilbertson whom I remember used to come about our house in St. John Street, and who used to sing so sweetly such songs as "Bonnie Bessie Lee" etc. Very sad to think he didn't live to reach the old country before he died.

The accompanying obituary notice will acquaint you with the demise of our Dalkeith cousin, Tom Cumming.

> At Viewforth Cottage, Preston, Prestonpans,
> on the 15th inst. Thomas Cumming, builder,
> late of Dalkeith. All friends omitted
> will kindly accept this intimation.
>
> --17th October 1891

A lad called at the office with a funeral invitation for me; but we were very busy at the time, & I didn't go to the funeral. So I am not able to give you any particulars about his death or matters connected with the family. To tell you candidly he was a man I had little, if any, respect for. The reception I got when I attended Anne's funeral was rather chilling, and I really had no desire to renew acquaintanceship, with the family. They seemed rather a selfish lot, all bound up in themselves, with no thought or concern about any outside their own narrow circle.

Mr. Simpson has been laid up with the influenza, and Bella & Henry have also been unwell but they are better again.

Mr. & Mrs. Moir's family circle is being broken up somewhat now. Charlie (the banker) was married in the month of June last, and Robert (whom I met the other night) tells me that James the 2nd youngest son, is going out in a week or so to travel in South Africa for some Dundee firm.

My Dear sister, we are now nearing the end of another year. Many changes have taken place during the year that is now going. There have been many sad bereavements in numerous homes. Your own sad loss will still be fresh in your memory--

> For "Time but the impression deeper makes
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

Yet there is good counsel and comfort in the words of the familiar Scottish song, written by James Ballemtine:--

> "Confide ye aye in Providence for Providence is kind,
> And bear ye a' life's changes in a calm or tranquil mind;
> Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae' faith and
> ye'll win through
> For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Hoping this letter will find you in good health, and sincerely wishing you good health and comfort in the coming year, I remain Your loving brother

Alex Hardie

Letter No. 8

11 Dundee Terrace
Dec. 12, 1893

My Dear Sister,

Jeanie and I have been often speaking about you, and wondering how you are all getting along. I wrote to you a long time ago, but I have not heard from you since. Before the year draws to a close, I must scribble you a few lines to give you any news about the old country and also let you know how we are getting along ourselves.

A considerable time ago I sent you a Weekly Scotsman containing an old letter of Brother Jim's which I had in my possession. There was a good deal of talk at the time about the Isthmus of Panama, and I thought the letter might be interesting, giving, as it did, an account of his journey (shanks-naigie) across the Isthmus long before railway or canal were thought about. I often wonder if Jim is still alive. It would be rather strange if he were, by accident, to see this old letter of his in the Weekly Scotsman!

In the month of August I had Jeanie and the bairns living down at Fisherrow for three weeks in a fishermen's but-and-ben just a few yards up from the beach. They had very fine weather, and were all a great deal the better for it. I had a week's holidays during the time, and enjoyed myself very much. One day Jeanie and I left Nettie in charge of the bairns, and started off on a stroll to Prestonpans. We went into the old churchyard and saw the Cummings' resting-place. A marble obelisk has been erected at the grave, chronicling the fact that Thomas Cumming, builder Dalkeith lies there, and died Oct. 16, 1891. The names of Uncle Sandy and Cousins Anne are also inscribed, but neither the dates of their birth or death are mentioned, which seems a little absurd. We came round by Preston, had a look at the old house (strangers seemed to be living in it), and walked back by the high road to ________ Levenhall, where we got the coach to Musselburgh.

The fisher folk have a great craze for collecting crockery and ornaments. The kitchen of this house we lived in was a sight to see. There were no fewer than 70 jugs hanging on the walls, and any amount of plates, ________ ashets and bowls arranged on the shelves, besides a great number of stoneware ornaments--such as Burns and Highland Mary, the Lion Slayer, Wallace, the Virgin Mary, etc. etc. Astonishing to relate, we had only one breakage during the time we were there.

We had a magnificent spring and summer this year. We have not had the like of it for many years. Last month, however, we had a fearful storm, which caused several shipwrecks, and did great havoc among the trees, especially away in the north, several forests being well-nigh destroyed, thousands of trees being torn up by the roots. There had been a great deal of Influenza about again during the past few months. One or two of the bairns were badly, especially Willie, the youngest, but he is all right again. I have had a bad throat myself for a fortnight, but it is now nearly better.

Nettie is running the second year of her Heriot bursary at George Watson's Ladies' College. She did remarkably well last session, took first prize in mathematics, English, French, and Latin, and earned the designation on her certificate of being a "brilliant pupil." But for having been a little above the specified age, she would have stood a good chance of securing a four-years' foundation at the College. But she wasn't allowed to compete. She will, however, be eligible to try for a three-years' foundation this session; so she is going to do her best to take it. The foundation carries with it £ 31 a year for 3 years, besides free education, which would enable her to continue at school, and go forward for an appointment as a Civil Service Clerk.

Jamie is getting along well, is nearly as tall as myself, and Nettie is not much less than him. Robert is also shooting up, and is doing very well. He took another scholarship at Heriot's Hospital School last session and is getting free education there this present session.

A great murder trial commences to-day in Edinburgh, and will last several days. A Mr. Monson is being tried for the murder (by shooting) of a Lieutenant Hansborough in the grounds of Ardlamont, down the Clyde. One important witness who was along with Monson and Hansborough has never turned up--the authorities having failed to discover his whereabouts. There is no direct proof of murder, and the trial will likely cause a good deal of discussion, something like the "Jenie McLachlan" and the "Madeleine Smith" cases.

We have lifted our "________" from Palmerston Place, and have joined the Mercheston U. P. Church--now the "John Ker Memorial Church"--a new church having been erected under that name by Mrs. Nairn, in memory of her brother, the late Dr. John Ker of Glasgow. Mrs. Nairn has stood the cost of the entire building, about £ 6000, and is now going to provide cushions for all the pews. It is a nice church, capable of holding a thousand people, and the membership of the church is rapidly increasing.

I recently sent you a copy of a paper with a sketch and portrait of your old friend Dr. Joseph Brown of Glasgow, which I hope you received. I also previously sent you a copy of my own photo.

And now, Dear Sister, accept all our best wishes for a peaceful Christmas and a prosperous New Year. Write soon, and let me know how Maggie and Annie, John and Davy and all friends are getting along.

With kind love to all, I am your affectionate brother,

Alex Hardie

Letter No. 9

Forthview, Fisherrow.
Aug. 6, 1897.

Address
11 Dundee Terrace
Edinburgh

My dear Sister,

I am very poor correspondent nowadays. After the day's work is over, I very seldom sit down to write or even to read books. A glance at the newspaper is about all I manage. Reading and writing hard all day at work makes one feel fagged at night, and causes one to engage in some other form of recreation, or take an entire rest. A long time ago I received a letter from you (written by Annie), which I trust you will forgive me for not acknowledging long ere this.

I also received a few days ago a newspaper with a very kindly and appreciative notice of poor Gerty, of whose death Jeanie and I were exceedingly sorry to hear. The termination of such a sweet and gentle life must have been a great trial to you all.

Some changes have taken place since I last wrote you. Nearly two years ago there was a big turn up in Messes W. & R. Chambers's. The foreman in my department was discharged for mismanagement, and a number of the men were also dismissed for gross swindling. I was placed in charge, but the job was no sinecure. A new manager had been brought into the business, an ignorant blockhead, with any amount of conceit. The firm had been also turned into a limited company. After 9 or 10 months of hard work and a great deal of worry, my health began to give way under the strain, and I gave up my situation and bade them good-bye. I then found I had continued too long at work, for I was affected for months afterwards with nervous prostration and sleeplessness. I am glad to say, however, that I have fully recovered my health and am now at work as a Reader in the Queen's Printing House (Messrs Constable & Co.) in Thistle Street, where I have been since the beginning of the year. I am on my holidays just now, and Jeanie and I and the family are living down in a house on the beach here, enjoying the sea breezes. I am glad to say they are all enjoying good health. Jamie is a big chap now, and will by out with his ________ at the end of the year. Nettie is a well-grown girl, and is employed as book-keeper to Mr. Macintosh, the hosier on the North Bridge. Robert is also grown very tall, and is getting on well at his trade--that of a tailor. Davy is an apprentice baker, and Harry, Peggie, and Willie are at school. Jeanie's father died at the age of 70 in the beginning of the year after a few week's illness. Bella, her second youngest sister was married last month to a Mr. McDougall, a grocer in business in South Clerk Street.

I wrote to cousin Eliza a twelve month ago, but I have got no answer from her. She used to be very regular in writing, so we are beginning to think she has surely "joined the majority."

You are aware from the newspaper sent that Davy Hardie died last November. Davy's estate amount to over £ 1700. Shortly before he died he made a will--a very curious one--bequeathing his money for the promotion of Free Thought. This idea seems to have been in his mind for years, although he never said anything to me about it. I understand the conditions of the will are that a property is to be bought and let to somebody who must keep this sort of literature on sale, the rent derived from the premises to go to his brother Willie. Three trustees were appointed to carry out the provisions of the will. They were acquaintances of Davy's--a Mr. Hill, Mr. Morrison, and Sinclair. This Mr. Sinclair has, however, resigned his trusteeship. I had a letter from Willie a considerable time ago, stating that he was coming on a visit to the old country to settle up matters. We were expecting him here in the month of June, but it seems now that he is not coming in the meantime. Nothing has been done with regard to the will; and I don't know whether they will delay any longer with the business. It was a great pity Davy ever made such a will. I don't think that Willie is in favor of it; but I cannot say whether it will be possible to set it aside. An old auntie of Davy and Willie (a sister of their mother) is still alive. We met her at Bavelaw, and keep up an acquaintance with her. She is a Miss Margaret Scott (a connection of the great Sir Walter Scott), and has been a housekeeper in houses in London and elsewhere. She is a wonderful body for her age, 85 or 87--she is not very sure which. She has all her faculties--is very erect, and walks well. She lives down at ________ in Leith Walk. A nephew of hers--a Mr. Thomson, a marble cutter, works with Tom Young's son. I saw Tom Young in Princes Street the other day. He is looking pretty old like, but is wonderfully fresh, and walks well.

We haven't had much of a summer this year. June was very wet and cold. It has improved the last few weeks. During the last day or two, however, we have had some severe thunderstorms with heavy rains.

Talking about Davy Hardie's will, by the way, a number of his acquaintances were very much opposed to it--among others Mr. McLeish (who was as strong a Freethinker as Davy was), who tried to get him to alter it before he died. McLeish was very much annoyed, and didn't attend his funeral. Davy had a very good collection of fossils, which have been acquired by the directors of the Edinburgh Industrial Museum, where they are to find a place.

By the bye, I recently noticed the announcement in the papers of the death of William Martin of Stockbridge. I haven't come across any of the Martins for a long time. Mrs. Mackenzie, I think, has removed from the foot of Grove Street to ________ Street. Dear Sister, I trust this will find you in good health. You are advancing in years like myself, although I don't have the feeling yet that I am old.

I am glad that you have your bairns near at hand; and I trust they will all continue to be a blessing and a comfort to you as you still journey through life. Jeanie (who has repeatedly asked me to write to you) sends her best wishes and kind regards. Accept the same from myself, and believe me your affectionate brother

Alex Hardie

Give our kind regards to all friends.

Letter No. 10

23 Temple Park Crescent
Edin., Jan. 2, 1901.

My Dear Sister,--

Your interesting and kindly letter dated 17th December (so neatly typewritten by our young friend Margaret) afforded us a great deal of pleasure. In the way of business I have to read plenty of typewritten "copy;" but in the matter of private correspondence, it is still a novelty. Typewritten "copy" is a great benefit to us printers (especially to the compositors, as it saves them from cudgelling their brains trying to decipher bad manuscript). Yet it has its dangers and drawbacks too, as we printers' readers require to exercise some care in guarding against mistakes made by the typists in transcribing very bad manuscript. In consequence of this, we sometimes would prefer to have the original manuscript to refer to. Quite a host of girls are learning shorthand and typing nowadays, and some good situations are to be had in insurance companies', lawyers', and accountants' offices. Matters are very much changed from what they were long ago, and many occupations are now open to girls from which they were formerly debarred. Previously their choice was extremely limited--either domestic service, dressmaking, millinery, or factory work. As time rolls on, great changes are taking place.

And now let me refer, first of all, to the various items mentioned in your letter. Jeanie and I were much pleased to hear that you were keeping well. No doubt the extremes of heat and cold will affect you. It is a good thing that your winter has been so mild. Glad you received the photo. Peggie, as you say, is tall for her age. She is big-boned, and promises to be a tall girl. She is as big as Nettie now. She has left the day-school now, and is helping her mother at home in the meantime, who needs her help. She attends the continuation evening school three nights a week, however, taking bookkeeping, dressmaking, and other subjects. We have a vivid remembrance of Peggie's christening, and the minister being amused on seeing Bob coming into the room with a big jellie-piece in his hand. How time changes all! Mr. and Mrs. Simpson gone to rest, and the Rev. Armstrong Black away from Edinburgh. He went first to Kilcreggan (down the Clyde) for a much smaller stipend but left there owing to the annoyance caused to him by a cantankerous elder in the church. He at this time got and accepted a call to Egremont (near Liverpool) with a stipend similar to what he had in Edinburgh. The Kilcreggan elder was deposed by the presbytery, and the congregation invited Mr. Black to come back to them again; but he declined. He subsequently accepted a call to Canada, and is now in Toronto, preaching with much acceptance. He married his housekeeper. He was a very lovable man, and we retain kindly memories of him.

I see you got the newspaper about the Union. I also posted you the Xmas No. of the "Weekly Scotsman" and the last No. of the U. P. Missionary Record, containing an account of the Union Proceedings (with portraits of the leading men in the two churches.). It is now to be called the United Free Church Record.

Honestly speaking, I have not thought much about this church union question. I don't think the bulk of the members of the churches have concerned themselves much about it. It is, I think, more of a clerical question, and is principally in the interest of the clergy, as it will prevent the overlapping of rival churches especially in thinly populated country districts, where ministers have a struggle to get along. Of course it is right enough for churches to be united where their creeds and systems of government are identical. At the same time I think the U. P.'s and Frees are large enough bodies separate from one another, and none the worse for being friendly rivals in the way of doing good.

I quite agree with you that there is a great deal of time wasted by the clergy in discussing matters of doctrine and church government. There are certainly more urgent matters calling for attention and reform. Great changes seem to be at work throughout society now. It appears as if the Church was losing power now--losing its grip of the mass of the people. The bulk of the clergy don't seem to keep in touch with the times, and the people are lapsing from the churches. The Sunday-school scholars are also decreasing. Of course, educational influences are making their mark on the people, and the enormous increase in the number of cheap and excellent weekly and monthly periodicals is also bringing about great changes in the minds and manners of the people. Strict Sabbath observance is a thing of the past. I remember Mother used to say when she was a girl living at Preston they were not allowed to go into the garden on Sunday. Now we have Sunday cars (not in Edinburgh yet, although some folks are agitating to get them), Sunday excursion steamers and coaches, Sunday cycling, and Sunday golf-playing!

No doubt the Free church had several good men when Tom was alive. Still there were a number of able U. P. ministers, among others Dr. McCrie, Dr. French, Wm. Reid (Water Willie) of Lothian Road, Dr. A. Wallace, your own worthy pastor in Glasgow, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Joseph Brown, and others. Tom's great favorites were Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Candlish, John Caird, and Dr. Wallace of the Patterson U. P. Church. I remember going one Sunday forenoon with Tom to hear Wallace. As he was showing me into the pew, he whispered to me that Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist and writer, was sitting up at the end of the pew. I sat down beside the great man, and kept my eyes on him frequently during the sermon. Wallace was a powerful preacher, and the pathos of his discourse had its effect on Hugh Miller, as I saw the tears trickling down his rugged cheeks. As for myself, I never "cottoned" greatly to the Free Kirkers. I used to think them too narrow-minded and bigoted. Of course, that class has passed away with the Gibsons, Beggs and Balfours (of Holyrood Free Church), and it is principally among the Highland host in the north that this stick-in-the-mud spirit survives.

I never heard Prof. Drummond preach. I have seen his photo often in shop-windows. He seems to have been a very fine man. It was mainly to students that he lectured or preach--rarely, if ever, to the general public. That is how I never heard him.

I regret to say I never read any of his books. The fact is I rarely attempt to read a big book nowadays. A cursory look at the newspapers or magazines serves me now, as I have so much reading every day at work.

I am posting by this mail a copy of the "Dispatch" containing Sir Thomas Clark's will, also clippings with reference to his death and funeral. Sir Thomas has left several legacies, among others to two of his assistants. Matthew Davidson, who has been left £ 400, succeeded brother Davy when he left 38 George Street to start in business. I would have thought more of Sir Thomas if he had left something to his old porter (Watty Elder), a man I knew well (of great intelligence and worth), who is getting pretty frail, and who had had his trials, his wife having been in an asylum for the last 15 years. He was in Clark's service when our Davy was there. It illustrates the old saying: "It is those who have who get more," to put it in a less expressive form than the old Scotch version.

In Yesterday's papers there is a paragraph anent the death of the laird of Bavelaw, Mr. George Johnston of Lathrisk, in his 79th year. He succeeded his father in 1868, and has lived in strict retirement ever since. There used to be some story about him sewing his father up in a carpet (during some drunken frolic) for which he banished him from the house. He had to take his father to court to get an aliment from him, and lived in Paris until his father's death. The papers say he leaves a fortune of one or two million. Mrs. Gibson (our baker, whose father is a full cousin of Johnston's) says she believes he will have left about four millions. Besides Lathrisk and Rossie, he owned the estate of Largo in Fife, Monzie in Perthshire, and Bavelaw. He has lived like a hermit, and must have spent very little money. He was a Bachelor. The entailed portion of his estates go to a Lieutenant Maitland Makgill of the Seaforth Highlands, and is at present at Cairo.

Another millionaire (a boy-companion of mine) has also recently passed away--John Lawson Johnston (the inventor of "Bovril"). You remember his old uncle, Lawson the butcher, in the Cannongate, as deaf as a door-post, and a rather rough heathen. He has left a widow and 13 of a family. A few months ago he leased Inverary Castle from the Duke of Argyle at a rental of £ 3,000 a year . . . . I am going to write to Willie Hardie this week. The letter postage to New Zealand is now only 1d. I had a letter from Willie a short time ago. He has been making inquiries about Cousin Eliza; but has not yet found track of her or her husband. He is still going to try and find out whether she is alive or not. The change in the price of the postage brings to my mind Cousin Ann's frequent remark when I used to give her Eliza's letters to read (at that time the postage was 6d): "Eh, Alick, but it's a puir sixpence worth." Of course, there never was very much in Eliza's letters, and so Ann thought they were dear at the money.

The year 1900 has been phenominally wet. I suppose the oldest inhabitant doesn't remember of such a rainfall. We scarcely had a dry day during the year. For the last month

we have had very windy weather, a fearful stormy night occurring a fortnight ago, doing a tremendous amount of damage. Our winter has as yet been remarkably mild. The only day on which we had frost was early in November.

And now a few words about ourselves. I am glad to say the beginning of the new century finds us all in very good health, and all getting along well. Glad to say that Jeanie is keeping well, notwithstanding her continuous round of arduous domestic duties, of which you in your time have also had ample experience. Jim is still resident in the granite city (Aberdeen). Since I wrote you we are minus another member of our household. Bob joined her Majesty's service. He had always a notion of the army, and at the end of August he enlisted in the Scots Guards, and is getting on very well--in capital health and spirits. He has gained more than a stone and a half in weight. He is at Caterham in Surry, 19 miles from London, and has been attending the military school there, has passed several exams, and has taken a certificate entitling him to the rank of Corporal. He will, I expect, carry on with his trade in the army, and has every prospect of doing well. There has been quite a craze among young lads joining the army for some months back. This war seems to have roused the patriotic ardour of the youth of the country. It has been a sad affair, and many valuable lives lost, as well as millions of money spent; and the end doesn't yet seem in sight.

Nettie is keeping well, and getting on well--gaining a great deal of experience in accountant business. She will have been a year in her place on the 8th of the month. She will be 22 on the 24th of next May. Davy is doing well at the baking, and is developing a musical taste at the piano. Harry is at the wood-carving, and promises to be the tallest of the family. He is only 15 1/2 and is already 5 feet 8 inches. Willie is growing fast and is getting on at school . . . . Auntie Scott is still alive, and is wearing wonderfully well. She often speaks about you. We are anxious to get her photo taken. She would be an interesting study for the newspapers, as her grandfather was a full cousin of Sir Walter Scott's and her brother was named after the great novelist. She once called with her father at 39 Castle Street when she was a little girl and saw Sir Walter. She also remembers seeing Victoria (before she became Queen) frequently passing through Charlotte Square in London to the artist's house where she got lessons in modelling once or twice a week.

By the way, many thanks for the interesting views of the "Forest City." Margaret's photo was duly received by a subsequent post. It is a very fine one, and we are much pleased to have it. I send by this mail an album of Edinburgh views addressed to our young friend, Margaret Joyce Smith which may interest her, as it will you. Remember us kindly to Maggie, Annie, John and Davy, and all their care. With kind love and best wishes for a guid New Year, remaining your affectionate brother

A. Hardie

Letter No. 11

23 Temple Park Crescent,
Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1902

My Dear Sister,--

I received your very welcome and interesting letter dated December 19. The Buffalo newspapers you sent arrived before the letter. We were very sorry to hear that our young friend Margaret had been ill with typhoid fever, but were glad to learn that she had recovered, and felt much stronger. It is often the case after an attack of typhoid that one's health seems to improve. We were very much pleased to hear that you were enjoying good health, and are all making such capital progress in the battle of life. We were glad to hear that you had been able to visit the Buffalo Exhibition, and found it so interesting. Notwithstanding the smallpox scare, the Glasgow Exhibition was a great success, and finished with a surplus of many thousand pounds. Jeanie and I never got to see it. There has been a good deal of talk & discussion about having one in Edinburgh--probably in 1907 (the anniversary year of the Union between Scotland and England), but it may all end in smoke, as a great many people--especially the shopkeeping class--think that these Exhibitions do not benefit the trading community to any great extent . . . . I sent you one or two newspapers giving an account of the New Year festivities. It is all over again for another year. We had the old gathering at the ________ Kirk, and a good many watchnight services. Before the close of the year we had a very heavy fall of snow over the whole country, which has been beneficial in helping our water supply, which had become rather scanty owing to the very dry summer. With the advent of the New Year the weather has changed, and we are having it pretty mild, along with a good few "blasts of January wind."

I regret to say that Jeanie had a very serious illness some months ago, from which she has never quite recovered. She has a bad cold at present, and she has never regained her former strength. I am glad to say the rest of us are in good health. The last accounts we have of Jim was that he was working at the printing trade in London. I think I told you that Bob had enlisted in the Scots Guards--fully 16 months ago. He is with the 3rd Battalion at Windsor just now, and is getting on well, and working at his trade (a tailer in the army.) He is in splendid health, and has grown heavier and stouter. He was here on furlough for a few days during his mother's illness. This has been a terrible war in which we have been engaged so long, and which seems so far from coming to an end. It has cost us many noble lives and an enormous amount of money. 1200 of the Guards are going out to South Africa on the 16th inst. and Bob was picked to go with them. He writes yesterday, however, to say that he is not to go--all those on the staff are to remain at Windsor in the meantime . . . . Nettie is still with the firm of Chartered Accountants, and has not yet "met her fate." She is not in a hurry, and can wait a wee while yet. She is attending shorthand classes twice a week, and is going in for a certificate for 150 words a minute at shorthand. Davy and Harry are doing well, and are both developing musical tastes. Peggie is a big, ________ lassie now (14 years old), has left

school, but attends evening classes. She has not gone to any situation yet, as her mother needs her help at home. Willie is 10 years old, and is getting on well at school . . . . Jeanie's sisters are all in very good health, except Nellie (Mrs Tosh). She was very unwell some months ago, but I am glad to say that she has improved somewhat recently . . . . I was down at ______ last Thursday, and found "Auntie" Scott in bed, attended by one of her nieces. She had had an attack of pleurisy and bronchitis, but was getting better. I called again last night, and found her sitting up while her bed was being made. She is a wonderful body--92 years or more she is now. In May last I sent you a copy of the "Sphere," a London illustrated paper, with a photo of her taken near the Scott monument, and a few lines I wrote about her relationship to Sir Walter Scott. I hope the paper reached you . . . . In coming up Leith Walk last night I passed Mr. Bruce's Drapery Shop. I met him near the Braid Hills a year ago, and had a short talk with him. He told me that Mrs. Bruce hadn't been out of the house for a twelvemonth, being very lame with rheumatics . . . . Mrs. Moir is dead. Mr. Moir is still alive and lives with his daughter Madelein, the only one of the family unmarried. He has a son (James) out in Johanesburgh in business, married to an Edinburgh girl.

I am greatly puzzled about Cousin Eliza. Willie Hardie wrote me and said he had found that Liza's husband--Walter Burnett--had died more than a year ago, but that he thought she was still alive. Two letters I sent her within recent years have never been answered. On the 29th of June last I sent a letter to her and wrote on the outside that if the party could not be found, to return the letter to me. Strange to say, the letter has never come back to me, and I have heard no word from her, or any of her friends. In your letter you ask about one or two old friends. Andrew Munro died about 6 years ago. He wasn't very long ill. He was troubled with diabetes, and was in the Royal Infirmary, and after that in lodgings. His niece had died, and his sister was anything but a help to him. Ultimately he was removed to the Home of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" in Filmore Place, where he died--a strange ending for a strong Freekirk man to close his eyes in death in a Roman Catholic Institution. Tom Young, so far as I know, is still alive. He is retired from business. His son is in business in the Marble-cutting trade. I saw Tom Young one day last summer in Princes Street, but I was in a hurry; else I would have spoken to him. Of Archie Cochrane of Leith I know nothing. Of the Martins of Stockbridge I think there are few left . . . . Coal is not so cheap now as when you remember it was years ago in the old country. Last winter it was from 26/ to 28/ a ton. Now it is on an average 21/ a ton . . . . Times are very much changed. Our old Fast Days are gone, and we have instead a spring and autumn holiday--the 2nd Monday in April & September. The churches are to a considerable extent losing their hold on the people. Cable cars are now running here on the Sunday, and seem pretty well patronised by the public. We have a Sunday Society which gets up lectures and concerts on the Sunday nights; and on the summer Sunday evenings bands of music play on the Calton Hill and the Meadows . . . . I enclose a tiny sprig o'heather frae the moss

below the Bavelow Avenue. The old laird has passed away, and Bavelaw and the other estates now belong to a new young laird--a Lieutentant Mackgill-Craighton, who recently entertained 200 guests at Lathrisk in Fife as his coming of age.

And now I must draw this hurried, rambling ________ to a close. You are often in our thoughts and on our lips. Our kindest thoughts and wishes go out to you in the far-away land, and our fervent prayer is that God may bless and keep you and yours in the years to come.

Your affectionate brother,

A. Hardie

Letter No. 12

23 Temple Park Crescent
Edinburgh, Dec. 17, 1902

My dear Sister,--

Time is on the wing, and we are rapidly nearing the end of another year. Before it closes I must write you a few lines. Although I am but a poor correspondent, still you and the family are often in our thoughts; and we speak and think about you frequently.

I am glad to say we are getting along in our usual way. Jeanie cannot boast of robust health, but she is anxious and able to do her best to accomplish her many household duties. With the exception of Jim and Bob, who are away from home, the other members of the family are still with us. Davy is a baker to trade and is working in the St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Store (a huge concern now, with a membership of 28,000). It has grown tremendously within recent years. Harry is a wood-carver, and is still in his apprenticeship. He is a little taller than I am, and is going to be the tallest of the family. Nettie is still busy with accountant work with Barstow and ________ in York Place, being typist and shorthand writer as well. She is this session teaching the senior shorthand class of the Scottish Phonographic Association, and reads to the class at the rate of 150 and 160 words a minute. It takes up a good deal of her time. Peggie is a big lassie now, and is as tall as Nettie, although she is only 15 past. Jeanie sent her a few months ago to learn the Ladies and Babies' Outfitting business. She is with an old firm (William Small and Son) on the new North Bridge St. buildings, and will learn a good deal there. Willie turned 11 last month, and is a growing boy--thin but wiry. I am glad to say I am keeping very well myself--in fact, I think I am in better health than I have ever been. I am still with Messrs I. & A. Constable, the printers in Thistle Street, where I have been now nearly six years. While there is a depression at present in some trades, the printing trade has kept very good all through the late unfortunate and disastrous war, and is still in a flourishing state. I am kept very busy myself . . . . I was down seeing "Auntie" Scott on Sunday afternoon. She has been ailing of late, has been confined to bed, and has had the Doctor attending her. She is, however, very much better ________. She is a wonderful body--even in her 93rd year. She had given up her own home, and lives with a nephew in Iona Street, a Mr. Thomson, a marble-cutter, working with Allan in Leith Walk. You were asking in your last letter about Archie Cochrane, also lives in Leith. Mr. Thomson was telling me about him. He says that he was foreman in Mr. Field's time, but when Mr. Field died he did not get along very well with the two sons, and he left the shop and started a desalting business in Jamaica St. in Edinburgh, and carried it on for a year, but lost money in the business. He went back again to Field's shop, and is there now working a machine in the marble-cutting business. A few Sundays ago, while going down Leith Walk, I met old Mr. Young and spoke to him. Considering his years, he was looking wonderfull well. He is now retired from business. He was asking about you and all the family, and was also inquiring

about Peter McLaren. Mr. Thomson tells me that Mr. Young's son has a sculptur business near the _______ Cemetery, but is not doing much of a trade, as he only employs one journeyman . . . . I have never heard from Cousin Liza yet. I have written several letters to her and have asked the postal authorities to send me back my letters if she can't be found; but the letters have never been returned to me and, strange to say, I have never heard from her. I hear from Willie Hardie occasionally. He and his partner have lately been selling some of their land to the government. He seems to have an idea of coming back to the old country, but it is doubtful whether he will or no. The guidewife's sister (Nellie--Mrs. Tosh) is still in very poor health, and is not able to do any work.

Two blocks of houses adjoining Morrison's Close in the High St. have been taken down and are being rebuilt. At the foot of the North Bridge a great hotel has been built and is now opened: it belongs to the U. B. Railway.

And now, dear Sister, I must draw to a close. I trust that time is dealing gently with you and that this letter will find you well and happy, and all the members of the family are enjoying good health. Accept our best wishes and loving regards. And now, in Scots phrase, wishing you "A guid New Year," I remain Your Affectionate brother

A. Hardie

Letter No. 13

Letter Fragment from A. Hardie, dated as shown:

23 Temple Park Crescent
Edinburgh, April 28, 1903

Our address after the May term will be "No. 61 Dalry Road," which will be more centrally situated for us all.

My dear Sister,--

I sent a letter to you towards the end of last year, and I received a letter from you at New Year time. I think our letters must have crossed each other on the way. I also received a copy of a photograph of Maggie. She is altered and grown much stouter than what she used to be; but I could trace her likeness to a much earlier photo which I have in my possession. I was very much pleased to hear from you, and to find you were all getting along well. In a part of your letter you talk about a "singing minister" you have in Cleveland. Well, we have had a "singing minister" for a good many years--the Rev. Mr. Robertson, who formerly used to be pastor of a church in Richmond Street, but who was translated to the Haymarket United Free Church in Dalry Road. He is a good preacher, and often gives his hearers a solo from the pulpit. He has a very good bass voice. Great changes have taken place in many of the churches here in the matter of instrumental music. With the assistance of Mr. Carnegie, the Scots-American Millionaire, the great majority of the churches have now got pipe-organs. Some time ago your old church (Lady Glenurchy's) got a pipe organ, the John Ker Memorial Church (with which we are connected) recently acquired one; and even Dr. Begg's old church in Newington not long ago added an organ to its form of worship. What would the worthy Doctor have said to this, who was not only a bitter opponent to the introduction of the "Kist o'Whistles," but even objected to the use of hymns and paraphrases in the church service?

In addition to Jamie and Bob being away from under the family roof, Davy has taken it into his head to emigrate too. He wished to push his fortune while youth and strength were on his side. So along with a chum (a young lad about his own age) he sailed for Canada on the 21st of March last. I went through to Glasgow and saw him off. We have received one or two letters and post-cards since he landed at Halifax, after a rather rough passage, during which they saw and dodged a good many icebergs. The last letter we got from his is dated from a place called Elkhorn in Manitoba, about 200 miles west from Winnipeg. He says that both his chum and him have got good jobs. Their intention is to learn the farming. Davy is a Baker to trade. They are in splendid health and write in good spirits. There seems to be a tremendous rush into leaving their farms in the United States and going in thousands into Canada, where, it is said, they can get land much cheaper.

Letter Fragment from A. Hardie (Continued)

I wrote you before about Eliza, and that I was beginning to think she was dead. Having written so often without getting a reply, as a last recourse, I posted a letter on the 19th of January last to the Postmaster at Wyndham, asking him to be so kind as to give me any information he could regarding her. Strange to say the return mail brought me a letter from herself--a very curious letter, and written in quite a different tone from her old letters. It ran as follows:--

"Wyndham.

"My Cousin Alick,

I received a letter from the Postmaster the other day. I was sorry that you troubled him, for they don't deliver the letters here: we have to go for them. You are terrible about me not writing to you, but the reason is that I have nothing to write about but just how I am. The family are all married, and one of them--that is to say, the girl that I brought up, she is a widow with 10 children; so I am all alone except my neighbors: so I have got

End of fragment

Letter No. 14

61 Dalry Road.
Edinburgh, Dec. 8, 1903

My Dear Sister,--

I was very much pleased to receive your letter dated the 10th of November. The notice of "Auntie" Scott's death would revive memories of past years. I meant the portrait and notice in full to appear also in the "Weekly Scotsman," but they only inserted half of the notice and left out the picture. I suppose they were scarce of space. The photo wasn't very well reproduced in the "Dispatch"; the face looking fresher and younger a good deal than 94. The other photo I got reproduced two years ago in the London Sphere newspaper (a copy of which I sent you at the time) was much superior. I saw Auntie the Sunday before she died, and had a crack with her for a short time. She took a bad turn during the week, and passed away very peacefully on the following Sunday morning at 9:30. She was buried on the Wednesday in Rosebank Cemetery, north of Pilrig. While in the cemetery I spoke to the Rev. Mr. Harvey, the present pastor of Lady Glenorchy's United Free Church, Greenside, with which you were for a time connected. The minister seemed very much interested in "Auntie," what little money she left was bequeathed to her sister (Mrs. Thomson, of Paisley), and a number of her nephews and nieces . . . . I am afraid our connection with Sir Walter is indeed very faint. A younger sister of "Auntie" Scott was, of course, an aunt of mine, but that gave me no relationship to the great novelist. Cousin Willie Hardie, however, is a cousin (thrice removed) of Sir Walter.

The estate of Bavelaw was sold several months ago to a Mr. Tait, an Edinburgh accountant. He is making a week-end residence of the old castle. I hear he is building a new wing to it, and the Avenue Road is being improved. I am afraid the improvements will cost him a good bit of money.

You ask if Katie Orr is still alive. Bob Orr's wife (Mary Goodwin of Easter Bavelaw) died a few months ago, and Katie gave up her shop, and went out to keep house for Bob and the Bairns.

I have received no other communication from Cousin Eliza, and I do not expect to hear from her again. She seems to have changed very much.

Jeanie had an attack of influenza a few weeks ago, which left her very weak. She is somewhat better now, but not at all strong. Peggie was about a twelvemonth with Small on the North Bridge, and learnt to sew a good deal in the Ladies' and Children's outfitting business. We have had to keep her at home, however, to help her mother a bit. The family are all pretty musical. Peggie has learnt to play the piano herself, and she is now getting lessons on the violin . . . . Nettie is keeping well, and is still employed at typing, shorthand, and accountant work generally. She is musical too, and possesses a very good voice. Harry does a little with the piano also. He is now the oldest apprentice wood-carver in Brown Brothers' Art Manufactory. Willie has just turned 12, and is still at school. He has a

touch of influenza just now, but is getting better. It is a wonder there is not more illness about, as we have had a terribly wet and stormy year. As regards myself, I am glad to say I am in very good health, and able for a stiff day's work at "reading." I am still with T. & A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty . . . . We hear regularly from Davy, who sends us very interesting letters from Canada. He has roughed it a bit since he left here last March. He was farming for over two months, railway making, bridge-building, and working as a rough carpenter. He was for 7 months at a district called Elkhorn, 200 miles west of Winnipeg. He has now returned to Winnipeg for the winter, where he expects to get work at his own trade, which is well paid, and where they don't start work till 7 in the morning.

Davy is musical too, and is a pretty good pianist. While at Elkhorn, he was engaged to play at several balls and entertainments. He has kept in splendid health. In a recent letter he writes: "In writing about this country, I think I would make a splendid "Before and After" advertisement, as when I left Glasgow seven months ago to-day, I weighed 143 lbs., to-day I turn the scale at 160 lbs. . . . . There is one thing in which Manitoba beats the old country,--that is, sunshine. We have the sun all day here, and we have had three months of such weather as I never saw at home." . . . . Bob is a Corporal now, and has passed his exams for a seargeantship. He has become a crack shot, and has the best drilled squad in his regiment. He expects either to go to Gibraltar or South Africa next spring . . . . We have now <u>two</u> "singing ministers" in Edinburgh. One is a Methodist who came here lately. The other is the pastor of the Haymarket United Free Church opposite our house. He is attracting a lot of people to his church. He was away in America on a trip for 3 months, and has given two lectures about his travels. He has given recently 2 lectures on Hymns and Hymn-writers, illustrated by solos by himself and members of the choir, accompanied by an orchestra of 7 or 8 fiddlers. It seems strange to have that in a Free Church now-adays. These lectures on "Hymns" are given on the Sunday evenings . . . . Sir Robert Cranston (son of old Bailie Cranston), who was Knighted by the King last summer when he come to Edinburgh, is now Lord Provost, and is giving a dinner to the poor on the 2nd of January, and later on a fancy ball to six hundred children of representative citizens.

And now, Dear Sister, I am coming to the end of my tether and will have to conclude this hurried scrawl. I trust when this reaches you, it will find you all well and happy in the prospect of the coming Christmas-time. Remember us all kindly to Annie and the girls, to Maggie and her partner and family, as well as to John, and Davy and all their care.

With kind regards and best wishes for a guid New Year to you all, Believe me.

Your affectionate Brother

A. Hardie

I posted a Xmas number of the "Weekly Scotsman" to you on Saturday.

Letter No. 15

61 Dalry Road,
Edinburgh, Friday, June 10, '04

My Dear Sister,--

On the first of this month I sent you a picture postcard of "Bavelaw Castle," which has been recently published. The Bavelaw estate was put into the market a while ago, and was bought by a Mr. Tait, a Chartered Accountant in George Street. He is going to make a week-end residence of the Castle, and has put in a young married couple to look after the place--the wife to act as cook, etc. I haven't been out at Bavelaw for a good long time. I understand Mr. Tait has been making improvements on the Castle and surroundings; and I expect it will have cost him a good bit of money to make the necessary alterations. I am afraid if Davy Hardie had been alive, he would not have relished the idea of having to remove from the "Auld hoose" in which, I suppose, he was born and had lived in all his days.

Willie Hardie recently sent us an album containing views of the estate of the Hook in Canterbury, New Zealand, which belongs to him and his partner, Mr. McGoverin. It seems a very nice place. They appear to be realizing their efforts, and settling up their affairs, and retiring from active farming work. They have already sold some of their land to the Government, and the Hook Farm was to be sold by auction (in 4 lots) on the 2nd of last month. They have another farm which they call Seafield.

I have heard no more word from Cousin Eliza, and scarcely expect ever to hear from her again. Poor body! She seems to have changed very much.

We hear pretty often from our Davy who has been roughing it in Canada for more than a year. I enclose a copy of one of his recent letters which gives an idea of the hard winter he has passed through. He is now in Winnipeg, and has got a good situation at his own trade (that of a baker). In a subsequent letter he writes:--"There is no place in Canada more like home to me than 561 Ross Avenue. My landlady, a Mrs. Craig, is a Scotchwoman, who has been in Canada about 18 months. She is a very nice, good-hearted body, besides being a first-class cook . . . . I must admit I'm a little partial to anything Scotch, and as the other 13 boarders are all scotchmen, I should be satisfied. My surroundings remind me more of the North of Scotland than of the North of America, as while I am writing I can hear some of the boarders (Aberdonians) talking about the "mannie" and the "loonie"--I think this country is far ahead of the old country, so far as climate is concerned, even if the winter was twice as cold. The weather is now on its best behavior, and leaves nothing to be desired. I am in splendid condition as regards health . . . . The people still keep coming to Winnipeg. I am afraid that they are overdoing the immigration business altogether, as there are hundreds of men going idle here, the most of them being laborers and carpenters. The action of the Government in bringing so many foreigners here, I think, has been very detrimental to the West and they still

keep fetching them. There were about 15 car-load came in the other night, and as the most of them can carry all they have in a hat-box, it was an amusing as well as an interesting sight . . . . I am thinking of staying at my trade and settling here for a year or two. I am exceedingly comfortable here, and as my room-mate (William Johnston, a Glasgowegian) plays the violin and we have a piano, the present state of affairs is likely to continue."

Larry Wilson (a cousin of Davy,) a lad of 19, has gone out to Manitoba to work at the farming. Davy met him at Winnipeg two or three weeks ago on his way to Moosomin, a place 200 miles west of Winnipeg. He is a clothier to trade. I hope he'll get along all right. His folks didn't much care about him going away.

I am glad to say we are all in pretty good health at present. Nettie was off work a few weeks ago, her system being run down a bit; but she is better again. She now holds a speed certificate for writing shorthand at 150 words a minute.

We can by no means boast of our Scottish climate. It seems to be getting worse than ever. We had an awfully wet time last year, and this year hasn't been much better. It is still very cold.

Hoping this will find yourself and all our friends in Cleveland and Akron in good health and spirits, with kind regards from us all

I remain

Your Affectionate Brother

Alex Hardie

Letter No. 16

61 Dalry Road,
Edinburgh, April 27, 1906.

My dear Sister,

I have been intending to write to you for a good while, but never got it done. I must really, however, set to work and let you have all the news up to date.

We have had, on the whole, a very mild winter. We have no long-continued time of frost nowadays, and the Scottish curlers have so little chance of playing the "roaring game" in their native land, that they have to take a trip to other countries to engage in their favorite sport. Two or three years ago a number of them went out on a tour to Canada, and this winter about a hundred Scottish curlers paid a visit to Switzerland to play the game there.

During the latter half of March and the first half of April we had very pleasant, genial weather, but we have had it colder recently, with a touch of snow now and then.

Davy, along with three companions, made a run home from Canada and landed here about Christmas. The route they took included some of the United States cities, including Cleveland, and Davy was very sorry he had only a few minutes' stoppage there, as he would have liked very much to have paid you a visit. He and his chums sailed for Halifax again on the 10th of March and are now settled in Winnipeg and other places. Davy's working at his own trade in Winnipeg in the meantime. He seems to have good prospects of securing a situation in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has been learning French and German and shorthand, so as to qualify himself for any promotion that may come in his way.

Bob is with the Lancashire Fusiliers in Malta, and is getting on very well. He is now Orderly Corporal, and is drill and musketry instructor. He has been learning Hindustani, as he expects to have to go to India before long.

Bob's younger brother, Harry, had always a notion of being a soldier, and on being thrown idle as a young journeyman wood-carver about last Christmas, he made up his mind to enter the army, and is now in the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards at Catecham training barracks in Surrey. We hear from him every week, and he is getting on well, and is studying hard to pass all the necessary military exams.

Nettie is getting along in her usual way. She was run down a bit towards the end of last year, and was off work for over two months. But she is all right again. She is still in the Chartered Accountant business. She has taken in hand the conducting of a Reporting Class two nights a week during the summer session in the Scottish Phonographic Association.

Peggie is still at home, helping her mother, who is not just in the best of health, being somewhat subject to attacks of bronchitis. Peggie learned a good deal the time she was in Small's Ladies' and Children's Dress Warehouse on the North Bridge, and she is a very capable hand at blouse-making, etc.

Willie is 14 years of age now, and is attending the Boroughmuir New Higher Grade School, where he is getting on very well. He is hard at work just now preparing for a Bursary Exam early next month. If he is successful, it will enable him to continue some time longer at school, and complete his education.

With the exception of an occasional twinge of rheumatism or poor man's gout, in my left ankle, I am in excellent health, and have no cause for complaint.

I had a letter recently from Cousin Willie Hardie in New Zealand. His partner (Mr. McGoverin) and he seem to be settling up their affairs, and are realising their property in land, etc. They sold some of their land to the Government some years ago, and a few months ago they offered their Home Farm to the Government at the price of £ 20 an acre. They were offered £ 19 which they accepted, getting more than £ 16,000 for over 800 acres of land. They have still two or three sections of land left, and they are building a house on one of them. Willie says if Mr. McGoverin does not pay a visit to the old Country this summer, he will.

Closely following the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, this has been a terrible catastrophe at San Francisco. I sometimes wonder if there is any possibility of brother Jim being alive yet. He lived there many years ago. I notice that there had been a slight earthquake shock in Cleveland. I hope it did no damage.

I sent you a copy of the "Weekly Scotsman" on the 10th of March, containing some "School Reminiscences" I sent in to the Editor, but he left out the latter half of my contribution, which I now append, as it may interest you a little:--

"During the interval between the closing of the old and the building of the New Sessional School, the scholars met in the vestry of the Canongate Parish Church. Mr. Fergus Jardine, the Headmaster, left to take up an appointment as far as I remember, in John Watson's Institution as the Dean. Although a somewhat strict disciplinarian, he was an accomplished teacher, and was well liked by his pupils. Before his retiral from the school, a Committee of the Scholars called upon the parents for subscriptions, which resulted in the purchase of a handsome gold snuff-box as a parting gift. The presentation was made in the parish church vestry in a graceful speech by his successor, Mr. James B. Macleod, to which Mr. Jardine made a feeling response. It was a tearful meeting, and gave evidence of the great esteem in which Mr. Jardine was held by his pupils.

"When the classes were resumed in the new Sessional School, an occasional visitor was Mr. James Sinclair, who at that time held the office of Unicorn Pursuivant in the Cour of the Lord

Lyon. He was familiarly known as "Beardy Sinclair," on account of the very long beard he wore. He was a good elocutionist, and now and then gave the scholars a taste of his quality in that art; also awarding prizes to the best reciters in the school.

"Another visitor was the well-known Mr. James Smith, then preceptor of the High Church (now St. Giles!). He instructed the scholars in music--a favorite lesson of his being the singing of the "Lord's Prayer." If any of his pupils in after life became distinguished in the Musical Art, Mr. Smith was prone to take the credit of having been their first instructor.

"Mr. J. B. Macleod, the Headmaster of the New Sessional School, was a man of considerable attainments, and possessed of a very good address. He was an elder in the Cannongate Parish Church in the pulpit of which I remember him once officiating. He was also possessed of musical gifts, which stood him in good stead on one occasion which I can vividly recall. One Sunday, before the close of the forenoon service, the precentor was overcome by sleep. It would perhaps be uncharitable to say that he had been worshiping at the shrine of Bacchus the previous evening, but from some cause or another, he had fallen into a profound slumber, and continued in that somnolent state at the close of the sermon and during the time the minister was giving out the concluding psalms. Mr. Macleod, who occupied the elder's seat, rose and tried to waken the precentor, but failed to do so. He then stepped in front of the precentor's box, and successfully led the congregation in the singing of the psalm. It is needless to add that this was the unfortunate precentor's last appearance in the parish church.

"These reminiscences of youthful days may possibly touch a pleasant chord of memory in the minds of surviving scholars of the Cannongate Old and New Sessional Schools."

My old friend, Mr. Moir, who was for many years head gardener to Lord Morton at __________, is now in a very weak state, and I am afraid will pass away soon. His daughter, Madeleine, is the only member of the family at home now. His eldest daughter is now a widow, living at Biggar.

Before I close I have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of two parcels of Cleveland newspapers. I have had one or two interesting letters from Annie also including photographs of the girls (very good.) I trust that all our friends in Cleveland and Akron are all well and prospering. Remember us kindly to them. Hoping this will find you well, with all our best wishes and regards, I am, yours affectionately,

A. Hardie

Letter No. 17

61 Dalry Road,
Edinburgh, July 12, 1907

My Dear Sister,--

I was very much pleased to get the letter of date June 2, so nicely written by Emily. The contents were very interesting. I was sorry to hear about you being troubled with a feeling of giddiness in your head. I sincerely trust you are now free from such a disagreeable ailment, and that you are now enjoying good health.

I am glad to say that at the present time we are all in fairly good health. Several weeks ago I made a very narrow escape of being either killed or badly hurt, having been, while crossing Earl Grey Street, knocked down by a cyclist and thrown across the car rail in front of a passing car. While lying on the ground, I managed to wriggle myself clear of the car, and so escaped being run over. I had a pretty bad fall, however, and got my hand and arm cut (luckily no bones were broken). I am glad to say I am all right again, although my arm has been rather slow in healing. The street traffic is very dangerous now-a-days--what with bicycles, motor-bicycles, motor-cars, tramcars, and vehicles of all sorts. You require to have all your wits about you.

Peter McLaren and his daughter have not as yet put in an appearance. In my youthful days I remember of seeing Mr. McLaren once or twice. We shall be very pleased to see them should they call.

I had a letter from Davy lately. As he is not sure of the railway connections, he cannot say the exact time when he will arrive in Cleveland, but he thinks it will be about the 4th of August. He has got your address, however, and I have no doubt will find you out. I don't know what his future movements are to be, but he is not satisfied with the Canadian winter (which has been very severe) and will not return to Winnipeg.

Our Bob arrived the other day from Malta on a 90 days' furlough. On his journey he spent a few days in Rome and Naples (visiting Mount Vesuvius). He returns to Malta in September, and then will go to India. Bob is getting on very well in the Army, is a corporal, and is mainly engaged as a Musketry Instructor. When in London, on his way here, he saw his brother Harry, who is in the 1st Scots Guards, now stationed at Chelsea. Harry is nearly six feet high, and has been of late one of the King's Guard of Honour, present at all great state functions.

Nettie is now head typist in the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company in Princes Street. She went there on the 1st of May, having been selected from a list of over 200 applicants. Of course her school record was good, and she has had considerable experience in two or three situations. Her hours are from 9:30 to 4:30, half-past 12 on Saturdays, with occasional Saturdays off. She is getting the whole month of August for her holidays.

Peggy is still at home helping mother. She celebrated her 20th birthday on the 26th of last month. She is fond of cycling, and has a run on her cycle frequently. Willie is shooting up now. He is finishing his first year at Heriots School, and is doing well.

Willie Hardie at the Hook, New Zealand, has lost his partner, Michael McGoverin, who died in January last. Willie will miss him very much, having been so long and so friendly associated with one another. It is somewhat sad to think they had recently built a fine new residence, costing between two and three thousand pounds.

We have had a terribly wet season here--also cold. We have never yet had anything like summer heat.

Jeanie (who is keeping well) unites with me in best wishes and kind regards.

Your Affectionately,

A. Hardie

Letter No. 18

61 Dalry Road
Edinburgh, Sept. 19, 1909

My dear Sister,--

In a letter I received from Davy recently, I was exceedingly glad to hear that you had been able to be out and enjoy yourself at some picnic at which also he and Meg (Margaret) were present. We are very pleased to know that Davy and his partner have got so comfortably settled in Cleveland; and the fact of their being in the midst of so many friends must render it all the more pleasant and enjoyable.

Our family is now a bit scattered. As to the whereabouts of our eldest son, James, we are in ignorance. It is several years since we heard from him (when he was in London). We were then on very friendly terms, and his prolonged silence is somewhat puzzling. If alive, it is to be hoped he is doing well, in whatever part of the globe he may be.

Our son Robert is doing exceedingly well in India. He is now a sergeant and paymaster's clerk in his regiment (the Lancashire Fusiliers). It seems he has the distinction of being the best marksman in the regiment. In his last letter he gives an account of the celebration of the regiment's annual sports. "In the afternoon," he writes, "we had the sports, but I did not win the thread-and-needle race this year" (he took the first prize last year) "as another sergeant pulled the thread out of my hand as I was going to thread the needle. Even then I stood a chance of winning, but the lady was fearfully slow in sewing on the button."

Our Harry is in the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards, and is at present enjoying camp-life in Gloucestershire, and taking part in the army manoeuvres.

Nettie, Peggy, and Willie were at a place called Corrie-cravie, in the Isle of Arran, about 14 miles from Lamlash, during the last fortnight of August, where they had a most enjoyable time--sea-bathing, golfing, and having musical evenings in one of the Farm Boarding-Houses.

Willie is growing a big lad now, and is at present in a lawyer's office, getting a good business training. He starts shortly on a course of study for the Civil Service Examinations, in which he hopes to be successful. His favorite recreation is swimming: in several competitions he has taken first prizes.

The gudewife and I are jogging along in our usual quiet way, enjoying fairly good health. At the end of July and beginning of August, we spent a few days in the beautifully situated coast-town of Scarborough in Yorkshire, and enjoyed the change of scene very much.

Of course you will be aware of the great turn-up which took place in the Free Church of Scotland. Several years ago the Frees and the U. P.'s united, but a very small minority of the Free

Kirkers objected to the Union, and appealed to the House of Lords. By a strange miscarriage of justice, the decision went in favor of the minority (now known by the name of the "Wee Frees"). By that decision, the whole of the property and Funds of the Free Church were handed over to the "Wee Frees." A great public outcry was made against this, and a parliamentary Commission was appointed to inquire into this decision, and arrange matters on a more equitable footing. This was done; still the "Wee Frees" are left with a good many churches and manses over the country for which they are unable to find occupants. I don't think the "Wee Frees" will ever be a growing body, as they disapprove of the use of organs in the church service; they also object to the singing of hymns and even the Paraphrases. I am afraid Dr. Begg (you will remember the burly Doctor), if he had been alive today, would have joined the "Wee Frees." You will remember old Dr. Guthrie's church in the West Bow. It has become the property of the "Wee Frees," and is used by them as a church, and also as an Assembly Hall for their annual meetings. I heard Dr. Guthrie several times preach there, and brother Tom was a great admirer of the worthy doctor, and used to go often to hear him preach.

Auntie Scott, a year or two before she died, gave me a framed portrait of her relative, Sir Walter Scott, and also a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Candlish, the great Free Church leader, whom you will remember. I only once heard him preach in his church, which stood where the Caledonian Railway Station in Princes Street is now. He wasn't such a popular preacher as Dr. Guthrie, being very logical and analytical in his style. Brother Tom thought a great deal of him, however. I came across Dr. Candlish's grave the other day. He was buried in the old Calton Burying-ground in Waterloo Place, not far from the Obelisk monument erected to the memory of the political martyrs (that is, Chartists), Muir, Palmer, Gerrard, etc., who suffered for advocating in the Forties the rights and privileges which we now enjoy.

We are having exciting times here just now regarding the Budget now being discussed in parliament. This Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget seeks to make a more just distribution of the imperial taxes--making the wealthier classes pay a larger share; making landholders pay more than what they have been doing. We had a big procession (in which I took part) on Saturday a week ago in favour of the Budget. We walked from Bruntsfield ________ down to the Queen's (now King's) Park, with flags and banners flying and bands playing. There were great crowds of sympathetic people lining the streets all the way. On the way down the Canongate, I noticed a great many unlet shops. You mind of old Lawson (awfully deaf he was) the Butcher's shop at the head of The St. John Street, where Johnnie Johnston (a great playmate of mine--the inventor of "Bovril") served his apprenticeship, and who died a millionaire a few years ago. The shop is now a greengrocery. In St. John Street, I think, the Minister's Manse is the only self-contained house left. The street is very much changed--the big houses being now sub-divided. Strange to say, I came across a link with the past in yesterday's <u>Scotsman</u>

newspaper--a notice of a "golden wedding," the officiating minister having been the Rev. Daniel Macfie--the ceremony having taken place at the Canongate Church Manse, No 3 St. John Street.

A great Budget demonstration was also held in Glasgow yesterday afternoon, there being 100,000 people assembled on Glasgow Green. A great movement has been for some time and is still going on throughout the country in favour of "Votes for Women" (that is giving the women the parliamentary franchise). Some of the ladies in this movement (they are called Suffragettes) are very persistent and violent, and many have suffered various terms of imprisonment in behalf of their cause. Some of them while in prison indulge in a "hunger strike," and refuse for days to take any food. So they have to be liberated. Their cause will in all likelihood ultimately prevail, but their methods of carrying on the movement are rather extreme and violent.

A girl named Mary Watson, living in our neighborhood, sailed a week or two ago on a trip to New Zealand, where she has brothers residing. As she was going to Wyndham, I asked her to look up Cousin Liza who lives (if she is still alive) in that locality. You remember that two or three years ago I sent you a copy of the letter (somewhat unkindly in its tone) I got from her after I had written to the district postmaster making inquiries about her, and also a copy of the farewell letter I sent to her in reply.

Cousin Willie Hardie had an idea of coming over on a visit to the old country this summer, but he had so much to do in settling up the affairs of his late partner, Mr. McGoverin that he has not been able to get away. He was keeping well the last letter I had from him.

The guidwife's sister, Mrs. McDougall, was out in country lodgings at Balerno for a fortnight last month. We were out one Saturday afternoon, and took a walk up to Bavelaw Castle. Under the new proprietor, the place has been very much improved, the old ruined parts rebuilt, and the roads very much improved. The avenue is a much smoother road, and the grass nicely trimmed. The proprietor must have spent a bit of money on it. The place is much more private than it was in Davy Hardie's time, and no one is allowed into the Castle unless they have a "permit" from the owner.

I am afraid brother Jim must have joined the "majority" ere this time. He had a very strong constitution, however, and might possibly still be alive; but I have not heard of him for many years.

One night a few weeks ago, we had a visit at a late hour of three Yankee girls ("Buck-eyed Daisies", I think you call them) all the way from Marietta, Ohio. They came with a letter of introduction from our old friend Peter McLaren. They were very nice girls indeed, and although the hour (10 o'clock) was somewhat late, we entertained them as well as we possibly could. Nettie, Peggy, and Willie convoyed them back to their hotel, and

went down and saw them at the Waverley Station next morning before they took train to Glasgow. They were to sail from the Broonielaw at 1 o'clock. It was rather a brief trip--two days in Paris, two in London, and less than two in Edinburgh. They were very much taken up with "Auld Reekie" (having visited the Castle, Holyrood Palace, and other places of interest), and would have liked to have had more time to spend here. Nettie had a very nice letter yesterday from one of these girls--a Miss Annie Powell of Marietta.

We are at present living in very inventive and progressive times. What with electric lighting, telegraph, telephone, gramaphone, cinematograph, type-writing machines, motor cars, motor 'buses, motor taxi-cabs, and air-ships, it is really marvelous. The street traffic will be with you in Cleveland, as it is with us here, exceedingly dangerous--so many vehicles flying about at so great a speed. What a contrast to what we remember fifty years ago!

I hope this will find you still enjoying good health, and able to go about. Remember us all kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, and all our kith and kin. We have to thank you very much for the great kindness and help you have all extended to Davy and his better-half, who, I have no doubt, appreciate it very much.

With love from us all here,

I remain

your Affectionate brother

Alick Hardie

Tuesday Night, Sep. 21, 1909

Yesterday was our Autumn Holiday here, & the weather being at its best, the guidwife and I took a trip to Ardlui at the head of Loch Lomond. It was a very enjoyable excursion. We left at 9:40 in the morning and were home again a few minutes after 9 o'clock at night. A great many passengers went from Edinburgh, and the steamers on the Loch were fully occupied.

Letter No. 19

Maioro
30 Saughtonhall Drive
Murrayfield
Edinburgh

Tuesday, 13th Feb. 1912.

My dear Sister,--

In a letter which we had a short time ago from our son Davy, I was glad to learn that you were keeping wonderfully well. I sincerely hope that you still continue in good health and spirits, and that you have got safely over the rigour of Winter. In the old country we have had quite an unusual spell of snow and continued frost. A week or two ago folk were skating on Duddingston Loch, a recreation that has not been enjoyed there for 16 or 17 years. After the severe frost we have had a lot of wet, dull, disagreeable weather. To-day's Scotsman will give you an idea of what yesterday's weather was like:--"Throughout the day a mist overhung the city, and the atmosphere was extremely moist, with a drizzling rain at times. There was a raw, easterly wind." We hope for brighter days soon.

We were all very sorry to hear about John's illness. We were, however, glad to hear from Davy's letter that he was now better.

I am glad to say that we are all at present in fairly good health. Jeanie is the only one who has not been just up to the mark, but she is steadily improving. Last Wednesday Peggy made a miraculous escape from being burned. While working in front of the kitchen fire, her apron caught fire, and was ablaze in a second. Bob happened to be sitting reading at the fire-side. With great presence of mind he started up and, from behind Peggy, tore the apron strings apart, causing the blazing apron to fall to the floor. Peggy fortunately escaped unhurt,--the fact of her having on a thick flannel blouse being in her favour.

Bob has booked his passage for New York in the Anchor Line S.S. Cameronia, which sails from Glasgow on the 20th of April. He will break his journey at Cleveland, and give you a look in; thereafter making tracks for Chicago or Rockford, where he hopes to find a billet. The prospects in the old country are not good enough.

Meg's mother and sister are going off to Cleveland, and sail from Glasgow on the 2nd of March in the S.S. Columbia.

The followers of the Christian Science movement seem to be increasing in Edinburgh. I enclose an extract from the Scotsman giving an account of the dedication of their first church in Inverleith Terrace not very long ago. I also send an advertisement clipping showing the many different sects we have in our midst (spiritual Endeavourers, Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Unitarians, etc)--not to speak of the Established, United Free Church, and "Wee Free" denominations, besides Methodists and Roman Catholics. I also enclose a

clipping from the United Free Church Record, giving an interesting sketch of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, written by an Edinburgh literary man, a Mr. Oliphant Smeaton.

I took a walk down the Canongate last Saturday forenoon, and went into the old churchyard, and had a look at the tombstone of Robert Fergusson the poet, erected to his memory by Robert Burns, with the following inscription penned by him;--

Here lies Robert Fergusson,
Born Sept. 5th 1751. Died Oct. 16th 1774.

"No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied win nor animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

In passing, I turned into St. John Street and went up the stair of No 1, the scene of our residence in the days of lang syne. O what a change was there! What a clammy-looking staircase, with broken plaster every here and there, and not a pane of glass in the staircase windows! The original half flats are now converted into one or two-roomed dwellings. I went up the wooden steps leading to the garrets, and found six of them tenanted with name-plates on the doors recording the amount of space in cubic inches requisite for 2 or 3 persons.

At the head of the street I found masons at work building an extension to the premises occupied by the Kilvinning Lodge of Free Masons. Half of the main-door houses in St. John Street have been demolished--also the Moray Free Kirk in the South Back of Canongate--to make room for a Teachers's College, which is in course of erection. The butcher shop long ago occupied by Lawson--the uncle of the originator of "Bovril"--is now a greengrocery, and the shop at one time occupied by Eagle the Barber, is now tenanted by a broker. You remember the Valentines he used to paint and show in his window. Eagle's son--now an old man--who was an engraver in business at one time, now plays the big drum in the Edinburgh "Professional and Military Band."

I enclose a copy of the verses I wrote on Katie Orr long ago, which appeared in the Scotsman. I found it in a drawer in the house and sent it, in case you may not have seen it. Kate died in Valevno a few years ago . . . . And now in conclusion, accept all our best wishes and kind regards, extending the same to Robert and Annie, Annabella, and the boys.

Your affectionate Brother

Alex Hardie

Wed, Oct. 16, '12
We are all deeply sorrowful to hear to-day of the death of young Dave Leith.

Maioro
30 Saughtonhall Drive
Murrayfield
Edinburgh

Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1912

My dear Sister,--

We were all very pleased to hear, through Davy and Bob, that you had been keeping wonderfully well, and that you had been able to attend the great picnic of the Clan Grant. The summer in America this year having been a bit cooler than usual would no doubt be in your favour. We were much pleased to hear that Mr. Burrell's arm was all right again, and that John had recovered from his long illness. Jeanie and I were exceedingly sorry to hear of the very unexpected death of Mr. Wright, of whom we formed a high opinion. Our sympathy goes out to his widow and family, thus early bereft of their breadwinner.

Our Bob seems to have taken a good liking for Cleveland, and feels quite at home there. I hear he was to appear at some Clan Grant masquerade in the ambitious role of "George Washington."

A considerable time ago I observed in the <u>Scotsman</u> a notice regarding the death of your old friend, Tom Young, at the age of 86, at his son's house in the Dalkeith Road. Shortly afterwards the following marriage announcement in connection with the youngest daughter of an old friend of yours appeared in the <u>Scotsman</u>:--

MARRIAGES

COCHRANE-MACKENZIE.-- At the Royal Arch Hall, Edinburgh, on 20th March, by the Rev. Wm. Edie, B. D., Inveresk, assisted by the Rev. A. C. Watson, B. D., St. Boswells, and the Rev. W. R. Black, M. A., St. David's, Edinburgh, the Rev. JOHN DOUGLAS COCHRANE, M. A., minister of Kirkbean Parish, Dumfries, to ISABEL COCHRANE MARTIN, youngest daughter of the late DONALD MACKENZIE and Mrs. MACKENZIE, 3 Torphichen Street, Edinburgh, and St. Helen's Broomieknowe. At home, the Manse, Kirkbean, 14th and 15th May.

April and May were very fine months in the old country. June, however, was very wet and cold, and July and August were nearly as bad. It was a very disappointing season for tourists. Mrs. Wright's sister, Mrs. Taylor and her daughter Florence paid us several visits; but others whom we expected have not put in an appearance.

September turned out a splendid month; and this month, so far as it has gone, has been very good. On the 17th of September--our Autumn holiday, now held instead of the old Fast Day--Jeanie and I had a pleasant excursion to Ardrisheng, passing on the way well-known places such as Dunoon & Rothssay. It was a beautiful day. During the last 9 days of July, the gudewife and I spent a very fine holiday time in Inverness and surrounding district--

Letter No. 20   Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1912

Sailing via the Caledonian Canal & Loch Ness, to Fort Augustus; travelling, amid lochs and mountains, to the Kyle of Lochalsh, and "over the sea to Skye"--a delightful journey; also visiting Nairn and Cromarty, and the fateful field of Culloden, where Prince Charlie's hopes were all blasted. I saw the house where Hugh Miller, the great geologist, was born, in the old-world town of Cromarty; and my thoughts travelled back to the Sunday forenoon in the fifties when brother Tom took me to the Potterrow U. P. Church, and put me into a pew in the gallery where sat Hugh Miller, with his plaid thrown over his shoulder. I sat beside him during the service, and noticed the tears trickling down his cheeks, he being deeply moved by the impressive eloquence of the preacher--the Rev. Alexr. Wallace, who subsequently became pastor of East Campbell Street U. P. Church in Glasgow. Hugh Miller's tragic death occurred not long afterwards.

I enclose an article from the "United Free Church Record" on our old Edinburgh minister whom you will remember--the Rev. Dr. Begg of Newington Free Church. The article is written by an Edinburgh literary man named Oliphant Smeaton, whose father was a professor. You will remember that Dr. James Begg, although an advanced political and social reformer, was very conservative in the matter of church service and government, objecting to instrumental music in the church and refusing to sing hymns or paraphrases in the church service. I read in the papers lately that a son of Dr. Begg, who became an actor, is now in Belfast--assuming the title of the Rev. Walter Bentley, and has a church, and also a theatre connected with it!!

Two or three weeks ago, one day--in lovely weather--a friend who was on holiday, and I had a delightful stroll of sixteen miles over the Pentland Hills--over Sonaly Hill, up by Glencore and Logan Lee, then up by Habbie's Howe, and past Bavelaw Castle, and down by Salerno. The old castle is very greatly improved--looks beautifully white and clean, and the old ruined walls and outhouses have all been rebuilt and look quite trig. Water and baths have also been introduced! The castle and estate was bought some time ago by a wealthy distiller, and a lot of money has been spent in repairs and in putting the grounds in good order. The place is private now, gates enclosing the grounds. I felt it strange, having been accustomed to roam about the place just as I liked.

I am glad to say we are all well at present. Our youngest son Willie is working in Edinburgh and Leith in the Customs and Excise, and is getting on very well. In the meantime he is with us, but he may be called away at any time to another town.

I heard lately that you had been on a visit to Maggie at Akron. I hope you found them all in first-rate health and spirits. I owe Maggie a letter and after I have finished this one I must write a few lines to her.

Kindly remember us to Robert and Annie and all the family, boys and girls, hoping they are all in the best of health, and prospering. Trusting this finds you also well, and able to be about, with love from all,

I remain

Yours affectionately,

A. Hardie

Do you mind what year it was in which Uncle Willie was imprisoned for firing at the tinker or gipsy at Bavelaw. George Robertson, who succeeded Davy Hardie as overseer, was asking me if I knew.

Letter No. 21

Maioro
30 Saughtonhall Drive
Murrayfield
Edinburgh

Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1913

My dear Sister,--

I had a letter from Maggie (Mrs. Duncan) a few weeks ago; and we were all very glad to read in that letter that "Mother is looking well, and John is feeling well and looking good." Our son Davy also sent us a "cutting" from the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" containing your portrait as being the oldest "Scottish mother" present at the Clan Grant picnic. We were exceedingly pleased to know that you were able to be out and about, gracing that festive occasion. We were also very glad to hear that Alec Duncan was getting a good bit better, although recovering slowly. It has been a long and tedious illness. Of course we were all greatly disappointed at the Akron party having to cancel their trip to Bonnie Scotland, but sincerely hope they will manage it next year. Since the beginning of June we have had a wonderfully fine season--warm and dry even up to November. It put me in mind of the summertime long ago when I was a laddie. Last Saturday morning we had a change, however; then we had our first touch of frost, and ever since then misty, moist weather. There was a dense fog this morning--the proverbial Hallow Fair weather. This is Hallow Fair Day (you will remember it long ago), but it is like a great many other old customs--passing away. You remember what a busy time it used to be in The Grammarket (the Big Wednesday--the hope market), where "Feed the Ravens" used to scatter his gingerbread among the crowd of people.

Jeanie and I spent an enjoyable week in London at the beginning of September. We stopped a day longer to be present at a Marriage, to which we were unexpectedly invited. Our son Harry (at that time in the Scots Guards) got a few days absence from his Regiment, and went about with us. He left the army a fortnight ago, and is now at home, and working at his trade--the wood-carving . . . . We came home by Liverpool, visited the old-world city of Chester, with the house fronts something like what old Edinburgh used to be. While there we noticed the name of "Burrell" a good many times above shopdoors. Another day we paid a visit to that great hive of the soap industry--Port Sunlight. The great counting-room was a sight in itself--no fewer than 200 female and 300 male clerks being busy at work . . . .

Willie didn't get his holidays until October, but he had a pleasant cruise in a Clyde steamer along the Irish and English coasts, and cycled over a considerable part of "glorious Devon."

I had a walk down St. John Street the other day. It is greatly changed. Half of the main-door houses have been swept away, as well as the Moray Free Church, and a large Teachers' College built there. With the exception of the minister's manse, all the other self-contained houses have been sub-divided.

No. 1 stair now looks very disreputable--not a pane of glass in the staircase windows, and No. 22 opposite is nearly as bad. Lawson's butchershop has long since given place to a fruiterer's business, and the public house at the other corner is now a confectioner's shop. The old Hat Factory (at whose warm stove I used to spend many an hour on a winter's night when a boy) is now a Brewery. Alas! how the times are changed!!

We have got a new "Zoo" out on the way to Corstorphine, on the Corstorphine Hill House estate. By next summer it will be a great attraction. You will remember the old "Zoo" down at Bellevue district on the north side of Edinburgh. I used to be in it when I was a laddie, and remember the bears and the big elephant: Morochy, I think, was his name.

Last Saturday I sent you a copy of the "Scots Pictorial," containing a very good portrait of Harry Lauder, and an account of an interview with him regarding his songs and himself. He was in the King's Theatre here for a week last month. The theatre was crowded every night--two performances being given. As Jeanie had never heard him sing, I took her the first night, and she enjoyed his singing and his "patter" very much. He was on the stage for more than half-an-hour, and finished up with the song: "A wee Deoch-au-Dorris." He seems to be as popular as ever.

Our minister, Dr. R. J. Drummond, who has occupied for 20 years the pulpit from which the Rev. William Reid (familiarly known as "Water Willie") used to preach long ago. You will remember him. Dr. Drummond made a tour this summer for 3 months in Canada and the States. He was in Cleveland only one day, but didn't know anybody there. He suddenly remembered that a member of our family (Davy) lives there, and thought he worked in the General Post Office, and called and inquired for him. Of course Davy was at one time a sorter in the Winnipeg Post Office, and the Doctor had been thinking of that. I wish Doctor Drummond had seen you: You would have enjoyed a crack with him very much.

I am enclosing a post-card with a view of a close a little way above St. John Street. You will remember it--the old Play-house close, where the first theatre in Edinburgh was situated. The post-card is one of a series designed by an Edinburgh artist, a Mr. James Kinnear, who was an apprentice wood-engraver with Messrs. Chambers long ago, and who emigrated to Ottawa in May of this year. I used to work along-side his father, who was a compositor.

I am glad to say that we are all enjoying good health at the present time. Nettie and Peggy are still with us: they had a nice holiday during the last fortnight in August at Portincross, near West Kilbride, in Ayrshire. I trust this will find you in good health and spirits, also Robert & Annie, and all the family . . . . With our united love to all,

I remain
Your Affectionate Brother

Alick Hardie

Letter No. 22

Postcard, last item surviving in the correspondence

30 Saughtonhall Drive,
Edinr. July 10, 1914.

My dear Sister,--Just a few lines to let you know that Adam, Maggie, Grace and Ruth are all fit and well, & enjoying their trip very much. Adam thinks a great deal of the Scottish Highlands. He will tell you what he thinks of them. Maggie is resting with us while they are travelling around.--Love from all here,

Your affectionate Brother,

Alick